

THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 10

WHEN FOUND—

THE most novel item that has appeared on the programme of the Dickens Fellowship so far surely is that arranged for January next year, when Mr. J. Cuming Walters will publicly prosecute John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood. Mr. Cecil Chesterton has accepted a brief in defence of the prisoner, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton will act as judge. It is anticipated that several of those who have written on the subject will be called as witnesses.

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A portrait of Charles Dickens which has never been published before will appear as a frontispiece to "The Odd Volume" for 1913 to be issued next month. The portrait was painted by Matt Morgan, the gifted artist who was associated as cartoonist with the famous illustrated paper "The Tomahawk" in the late sixties, and shows the novelist in profile wearing his hat. The painting is being printed in exact facsimile of the original colours, and will constitute a valuable addition to our Dickensiana. Mr. J. G. Wilson is to be congratulated on his discovery.

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Next month will be published three new Dickens books. Mr. Edgar Browne's on "Phiz and Dickens" is promised by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., and is to contain a large number of hitherto unpublished drawings and sketches by Phiz relating to Dickens's books (some of which are to be in colour), intimate memories, unpublished letters and side-lights on both Dickens and his illustrator; Messrs. Chapman and Hall will issue the Dickens bibliography by Mr. John C. Eckel, already referred to. The edition is confined to two hundred and fifty large-paper copies and seven hundred and fifty small, many of which have already been subscribed for before publication; while Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Memories of Charles Dickens" is to be published by Mr. Arrowsmith of Bristol.

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Two other interesting items that have already been issued are:—"A Few Famous Inns of Bath and District," by J. F. Meehan, and "Scenes from *Pickwick*," printed in the reporting style of Pitman's shorthand. The former is an illustrated pamphlet published by Messrs. B. & J. F. Meehan, of Bath, at sixpence net, and contains two chapters for Dickensians entitled: "Charles Dickens, 'Pickwick,' and 'The Saracen's Head,'" and "The Old White Hart," each with an illustration and both adequately dealing with the subject under survey. Of the shorthand scenes from *Pickwick*, it is sufficient to

say that there are thirteen chapters, and ten illustrations by C. Richardson. It is published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons at two shillings and sixpence.

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A series of articles is appearing in "The Times" entitled, "A Dickens Pilgrimage." Already three articles have been published dealing with Rochester, Gadshill, and Bath, and further ones are promised extending the tour eventually to France and America, a special trip having been made for the purpose. The writer of the articles exhibits a good acquaintance with the very extensive and comprehensive literature on the subject of the Dickens topography which at present exists, but so far has made no discovery of any importance to add to the knowledge the Dickensian student already possesses.

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Mr. Frank Speaight has a new Dickens recital for this season. He calls it "Micawber: his life as related by David Copperfield." It is divided into seven chapters and begins with David's first meeting of Micawber, and takes you through the whole story of that immortal man's career, his association with Uriah, his suspicions of the villain and ultimate denunciation of him—until Wilkins Micawber, Magistrate, has found something turn up at last in Australia. Mr. Speaight, who should find Micawber peculiarly fitted to his talents, gives his new recital for the first time at Steinway Hall, London, W., on 25th October.

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Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross has been compelled to relinquish his post of Hon. Secretary to the London Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. F. S. Johnson, 21 Mincing Lane, E.C., has been appointed in his place. Mr. Brookes Cross's services and experience will not be, however, entirely lost to the Branch, as he will fill the vacancy on the Committee created by Mr. Johnson's appointment. Before he retired Mr. Cross had completed a very striking list of fixtures for the season 1913-14.

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Mr. Arthur W. Hayes, the elocutionist, of Nottingham, has been giving a series of Dickens recitals in South Africa. He met with great success in Johannesburg, where he recited "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," and "A Christmas Carol." His talents have been much admired and appreciated all over the Union.

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We shall be pleased to receive copies of the new season's programmes from Branch Secretaries in order that the fixtures may be included in our "Dickens Diary" each month.

THE EDITOR.

DICKENS AND HIS FIRST AMERICAN PUBLISHERS

By W. GLYDE WILKINS

THERE has lately been published by the Columbia University Press, New York, a little volume entitled "Matthew Carey, Editor, Author and Publisher," the author of which is Earl L. Bradsher, Ph.D.

Matthew Carey was the senior member of the old Philadelphia firm of Carey, Lea and Blanchard, which was the first to introduce "Boz" to the American reading public. The book contains a letter from the firm to *Samuel Dickens*, dated June 14th, 1837. Dickens's reply to it dated October 26th, of the same year, and six other letters from the author to the publisher, although the last five were addressed simply Lea and Blanchard, and the first simply Carey and Co.

The letter from the firm to Dickens states that up to the time of writing they had published twelve parts of *Pick Wick Papers*. The form in which they were published was 12mo, bound in boards, with cloth back and paper labels, each volume containing four parts of the original publication. The first volume was published in 1836, and the four remaining volumes in 1837.

Mr. Henry C. Lea, of the firm, writing to Mr. George W. Childs, in a letter dated May 10th, 1867, said :—

In November 1836, Carey, Lea and Blanchard ventured to reprint the first four numbers of the immortal *Pickwick*. The author was then unknown, and the enterprise a doubtful one, so the edition printed from type was only 1500 copies, and the numbers were issued at the price of 45 cents a volume. The venture was successful, and by December 1837, when the fifth and concluding volume was published, the edition had been materially increased, while small quantities of the earlier volumes had been reprinted.

The first edition of the first volume, dated 1836, is very scarce, and the writer has only seen one copy with that date, although the later issue, dated 1837, with "Second Edition" on the title page, is much more frequently met with. As the last part of the original publication was dated November 1837, and as the letter from Carey, Lea and Blanchard, dated June 1837, shows that that firm had at that time published three volumes, there can be no doubt that these three volumes at least, if not the whole five, constitute absolutely the first bound volume edition of the immortal *Pickwick*.

As will be seen by the letters, his relations with the firm, up to Dickens's return to England after his trip to America in 1842, were of a very friendly character, and in the last letter he takes pains to inform the American firm that his reasons for breaking with them are not of a personal nature, but from principle, owing to there being no international copyright law.

It is believed by the writer that these letters will prove equally as interesting to the readers of *The Dickensian* on the English side of the Atlantic as they have to those American admirers of the immortal "Boz."

FROM CAREY AND CO.

Mr. Saml. Dickens, June 14th, 1837.

On the first appearance of the *Pickwick Papers*, we undertook their publication in this country, and have to this time published twelve parts.

Ere this you would have heard from us, but this work with others had to succumb with the times, and it was doubtful if we would have been paid for more had we published them. But we conclude to venture to press with a volume or so and shall continue the papers.

Under the hope that business will improve and the sales of the work extend, we have thought of the author, and have requested our agent, Mr. John Miller, to furnish you with a draft on W. and I. Brown and Co., Liverpool, for £25 at 4 mos, which we beg you will accept not as a compensation, but as a memento of the fact that unsolicited a bookseller has sent an author, if not money, at least a fair representative of it. The amount is small, and you can well understand why it is not more when we state that we shall sell the whole 12 pts. done up in 3 vols., to the trade for about five shillings net; after paying the cost of making this does not leave much for the bookseller or author. The novels that are published in England in 3 vols., are here printed in two, and sold to the trade for three shillings per copy, and the edition of 1000 copies, say such as Jack Brag, Rory O'More, etc., at such prices but little is made of them, and it is but seldom that they will admit of any payment to authors. Occasionally when a *first edition* will admit of a large impression this can be done, but exceptions to that quantity are few.

While on the subject of novels, we will advert to one announced by you, *Barnaby Rudge*. Our agent may have made some arrangement for this work with you or your publisher, should he not, he will be pleased to communicate with you on the subject, for early sheets, and we trust that he may make some arrangement that will be to your advantage, and that will open a door for further communications.

TO CAREY AND CO.

48 Doughty Street,

Mecklenburgh Square, London,

October 26th, 1837.

GENTLEMEN,

I owe you an apology for not having returned an earlier reply to your obliging letter. I was not in London when it arrived, and have been so much engaged since my return that for a short time it escaped my recollection.

I need scarcely say that it affords me great pleasure to hear of the popularity of the *Pickwick Papers* in America—a country in which, in common with most Englishmen, I take a high interest, and with which I hope one day to become better acquainted.

I should not feel under the circumstances, quite at ease in drawing upon you for the amount you so liberally request me to consider you my debtors in, but I shall have very great pleasure in receiving from you an American copy of the work, which, coupled with your very handsome letter, I shall consider a sufficient acknowledgment of the American sale.

The novel *Barnaby Rudge*, of which you speak, will not be pub-

lished until late in the autumn of next year. *Oliver Twist* will appear in June next. I shall be very happy to enter into any arrangements with you for the transmission of early proofs of the latter book, if I should hear from you that you consider it desirable.

I am, gentlemen,
Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Messrs. Carey and Co.

48 DOUGHTY STREET,
LONDON,

18th July, 1838.

GENTLEMEN,

I take the opportunity of my friend, Mr. Thompson, leaving England on a voyage of discovery to the New World, to thank you most cordially for your box of books, and also for your acknowledgment of the popularity of the *Pickwick Papers* in America, which (both the acknowledgment and the popularity and especially the last) affords me the greatest delight and satisfaction.

I have never seen your agent, Mr. Miller, upon the subject of *Nicholas Nickleby*, but if I had, I should have been unable to have sent you early proofs of any number that has yet appeared, as I have been rather behind hand than in advance, and have only completed each number a day or two before its publication.

I shall be glad to hear that *Nicholas* is in favour with our American friends (whom I long to see), and if you can point out to me any means by which, either in this case or in any other, I can give you a preference, or serve your interests, believe me, that I shall be most willing and prompt to do so.

I am, gentlemen,
Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK,
Tuesday, November twenty-third, 1841.

DEAR SIRS,

I have had the pleasure of receiving your welcome letter of the thirtieth of last month, and thank you cordially for its obliging tenor.

I shall be only six months in America altogether; and my present purpose is to land in Boston, go from thence to New York and thence into the South. Of course, I shall visit Philadelphia at some time or other in the half year, and when I do, I shall not fail to see you immediately. It is scarcely possible until one is on your side of the Atlantic to be at all certain as to dates and seasons, but as soon as I arrive, and have shaped my course minutely, I will write to you again.

In the meanwhile, accept my thanks for your polite attention and the assurance that I am,

Dear Sirs,
Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

CARLTON HOUSE, NEW YORK,
Thirteenth February, 1842.

MY DEAR SIRs,

I am cordially obliged to you for your thoughtful recollection, and for the box of books. Accept my very best thanks.

I shall be exceedingly glad to know you, and shake hands with you when I come to Philadelphia, where I shall be, I hope, (though for a very few days) in a fortnight at furthest.

I shall be glad to have, too—of course, between ourselves—some information on a business point which occurs to my mind just now.

The intelligence of the long faces had reached my ears before I received your letter. I am truly sorry for the cause of their elongation, and wish them short again with all my heart.

Dear Sirs,

Always faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

NIAGARA FALLS,
Thirteenth April, 1842.

MY DEAR SIRs,

Availing myself of your kind offers of service, I am going to trouble you with a few troublesome commissions. If you will execute them for me between this time and the end of May, and will send me to New York at the same time a note of the amount you have expended for me in so doing, you will very much oblige me.

1st. Can you get me a good copy of a book called "History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with biographical sketches and anecdotes of the principal chiefs, etc. 120 portraits. By Thomas L. McKenney and James Hall." Published in Philadelphia by C. Biddle. If it is not very expensive and easily obtained, I should like two copies.

2nd. Will you send me one complete set of my books?

3rdly. Did you republish an English book called "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth." By John Forster of the Middle Temple, London? If so, will you send me a copy?

4thly. Will you send me any and every edition of Mr. Talfourd's Tragedy of "Ion," that you can possibly lay your hands on?

There—that's modest. I have quite done.

Faithfully yours always, CHARLES DICKENS.

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

CARLTON HOUSE, NEW YORK,
Second of June, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you very sincerely for your kind letter and your handsome present of books. I shall carry them all home and put them beside your other contributions to my shelves.

My inclination would lead me with a silken cord to Philadelphia, but I am weary of travelling, and am going to lie in the shade of some trees on the bank of the North River, until Tuesday comes—that bright day in my calendar when I turn toward home and England.

Goodbye,

Always believe me, Faithfully your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK,
Twenty-eighth December, 1842.

DEAR SIRs,

Rest assured that if any personal or private feeling were intermixed with the resolution at which I arrived when I came home in reference to American Republications of my books, it would have great weight in your favour. I formed it on principle. Disgusted with the infamous state of the Law in respect of copyright, and confirmed in the opinion I have always held that there is no reasonable ray of hope of its being changed for many years to come, I determined that, so far as I was concerned, the American people should have the full pride, honour, glory and profit of it, that I would be no party to its invasion, and that I would have nothing blown to me by a side wind, which the dishonest breath of the popular legislature withheld.

I hope that the more you see of this plunder and the dirty hands into which it goes, the more you will feel and advocate the necessity of a change.

Always believe me, Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

THE UNIVERSAL DICKENS

THE first three volumes of the new universal edition of Charles

Dickens's works are out.* Messrs. Chapman and Hall were, as is well known, Dickens's first publishers, and although the copyrights have nearly all lapsed, the publishers still keep the lead in spite of competition, the enterprise of their rivals in the publishing world, and the ever-increasing demand for the novelist's work. Living authors whose works are published from time to time naturally have a public which demands their books as they are issued—appetite comes with eating—and a reader having enjoyed a book quite naturally anticipates fresh enjoyment from the next product of a favourite writer, but when one considers that Charles Dickens died over forty years ago, and that practically everything he wrote has been published over and over again, it is indeed surprising that the public still wants further editions. The rising generation are becoming Dickens readers and Dickens students, while historians,



* Sketches by Boz; The Pickwick Papers; Oliver Twist. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net each.

sociologists, and essayists find it desirable, if not actually necessary, to refer constantly to his wonderful pictures of what is now a bygone day. Quite apart from occasional issues and reprints of isolated books and selections, Messrs. Chapman and Hall have issued scores of complete editions of Dickens's writings—they have nearly twenty to-day—and the various issues have ranged in size from pocket size 12mo up to royal octavo and quarto "library" editions—paper wrappers, cloth boards, half-morocco bindings, have all been requisitioned—while prices have varied from sixpence up to twenty-one shillings a volume. All these editions have found purchasers, and yet here is still another to supply the unsatisfied craving of readers for Dickens. Other novelists come and go, comet-like, scintillating with brilliance for a while, and then receding with diminishing radiance until they disappear and are forgotten. And Charles Dickens shines with the steady glory of a sun that seems to know no setting.

In their latest undertaking Messrs. Chapman and Hall have produced a sumptuous series of volumes. The general appearance of the books is extremely handsome and dignified, and the decoration of the covers is striking, although in simple taste. The colour, a restful shade of dark maroon, is specially chosen as one that will wear well and will not fade easily. But if the exterior is attractive how shall the interior be described? The type, an "old face" fount of large size, is wonderfully clear, and the appearance of the pages (in which the body of the type is artistically placed well up, with a slightly wider border on the outer and lower edges) is of a most alluring nature. The illustrations, after the original plates, are a marked feature in the new edition, being specially clear and clean. Indeed these reproductions are much more distinct than some of the originals themselves in former editions, and it is interesting to find that the work of Dickens's original illustrators grows on the real Dickens lover when compared with the work of later artists. The price of each volume, 2s. 6d. net, gives an extraordinary value for the outlay, as there are over five hundred well-printed pages, although the books are by no means unwieldy or tiring to handle.

To say it is to be a complete edition is unnecessary, seeing by whom it is published. But we would record that each volume contains a bibliographical note and all the prefaces and notices written by Dickens for the various editions during his lifetime, whilst we are glad to see that the novelist's dedications are restored in instances where they originally existed.

In fine, the present issue may be described as a handsome library edition at an almost nominal price. Twenty years ago the value of these books would have been three or four times what the publishers are asking now. Indeed, we know of no book of to-day that is such remarkable value. The series is very happily named "The Universal Edition" and we confidently predict for it an immense demand. In a few months only—for the set (22 volumes in all) will be complete by next April—every member of the Fellowship should have on his shelves this charming reprint of the works of Charles Dickens. T. W. H.

DICKENS IN ACROSTICS

By BERTRAM DOBELL

I HAVE just acquired what must be one of the very rarest of Dickensian pamphlets. It is the only copy of it I have ever seen, and several collectors to whom I have shown it were also unaware of its existence. It is an octavo pamphlet of twenty-seven pages, and it bears the following title:—"Charles Dickens: Sketches in Acrostics." It was printed for private circulation, and I should think it was probably suppressed by the author after a very few copies had been distributed.

The work consists of thirty-nine "Sonnets," each forming an acrostic on "Charles Dickens." In addition there are two acrostics on "John Forster." The writer, whose name does not appear, informs us in a prefatory note that he actually commenced writing these sonnets on the day of Dickens's funeral, and the series was completed soon afterwards. He intended at first to accompany the verses with illustrations and biographical and critical notes, but as his scheme met with no encouragement he abandoned it. He informs us that his personal acquaintance with Dickens was the slightest possible, and his admiration of him was on literary grounds only. One paragraph in the "Note" is so delightfully naive that it must be quoted in full:—"The reader will, in all probability, consider that he has, in these few Sonnets, more than will suffice, but if more should be required it is probable that more may be had."

It is highly improbable that there was any *Oliver Twist* among his readers who wanted more of his sonnets. Though it would be unkind to say that he has given us "more than will suffice," nobody is ever likely to complain that he has not given us enough. Yet a good deal of entertainment may be got out of these acrostics, though of a kind that would hardly have pleased the author. As, however, he is not likely to be now living—his booklet is dated 1879—and as in any case he belongs to the great family of the "Anons," no harm can be done if we indulge ourselves with a little fun at his expense. And here, in justice to him, it should be said that his ideas are in most cases sensible enough, and it is only in the expression of them that he falls into bathos or absurdity. He was evidently much hampered by the necessities of the verse-form which he had chosen, and he was certainly unpractised in the art of rhyming. With this preface I will now proceed to quote one or two of the "Sonnets" in full, and to select from the others a few of their most remarkable gems of expression. The verses follow the course of Dickens's life, and form a sort of poetical biography of him. Thus, after a preliminary "Cypress and Laurels" sonnet, we have "Portsmouth and Gadshill," "Childhood and Boyhood," "London," "Parliamentary Reporting," and so on. I will begin by quoting the "London" sonnet. The italics in all the passages which I quote are due to me and not to the author.

LONDON.

Can London's streets be paved yet, all with gold ?

He found them so. He saw there wondrous things,
And all he saw to all the world he told.

*Right up in London's midst Charles Dickens springs,
Light as a fawn, and as a lion bold,*

Eager as are young eagles to sun wings,
Sure of their quarry. His no dream Elysian,

Dreaming in glamour—his a true life-vision :
In what he saw he saw what he created—

Creation with him came of observation ;
Kenning with kindness were so well mated.

Even with Shakespeare he might claim relation ;
*Nor though he would have been the last of men to try it,
" Sweet Will " would not have been the man quite to deny it.*

The following lines are from a sonnet headed " Recognition " :—

Commencing with his first work, " Sketches by Boz,"
His style at first is just the style it was
At last—his own, and singularly clear,
Read by as writ for the million.

Of Dickens's readings our author says :—

His world of readers ran
En masse to hear him read what they had read, I ween,
Spellbound : such crowding never before seen.

From a sonnet called " Colonial Popularity " I take the opening lines :—

Calcutta, Bombay, and severe Madras,
His home-brewed nectar quaff with brilliant " Bass " ;
Adelaide, Queenstown, Melbourne, gold-renowned,
Rush for the Pickwick Diggings the year round.

Perhaps the most delightful of all the sonnets is the one headed
" The Press of the World on his Death." This must be given in full,
for there is not a line in it which can be spared :—

Could we collect—(could we ?—we could, no doubt—
Hard task, but still it could be carried out)—
All, or but tithes of all the world-wide Press
Recorded in memorial kindness
Lavishly on him—what a cenotaph,
Enduring as colossal, with its monograph.
Simply his name, but world-inscribed, no more !
Distribute these Press-tributes the world o'er
In fair proportions, giving each their due :
Call England's tributes in and Europe's too—
Keep strict watch over the United States,
Each state a-teeming, as their Press creates
New worlds of readers : not Missouri's streams
Superb more copious, 'neath their star-flag's beams.

"From "A Wit and Humour Register Wanted" I take the concluding lines:—

If all the noble thoughts, quips, tears, or peals of laughter
 Could but be scored, with merry glances, gay surprises,
 Keen strokes, descriptions, characters, to be read after
 Each registered perusal, by myriads of all sizes,
 Now lilliputian and now gigantic,
 Surely the readiest reckoner would grow frantic.

From "Circles: Private," I take the opening lines:—

Circles! the circle of his intimates!
 Have first-rate men first-rate associates?
 Are such their need? I doubt if it be so—
 Rivalities sublimed to friendships? No.
 Lytton and Lever, Jerrold, Thackeray—
 Each friends, all great, but not great in his way.

In another sonnet the writer, after alluding to the incessant labour which Dickens bestowed upon his various works, and upon the periodicals which he edited, concludes thus:—

In endless work done in an endless coil,
 Can human strength (oh, no) sustain such toil?
 Keep up—take tours—walk, ride—even travel fails—
 Even Swiss mountains, like the Kentish vales:
 No rest—his walks, forced marches—here, there, everywhere—
 So every ride a gallop—but behind sits Care.

The reader has perhaps begun to think that I have quoted from these sonnets "more than will suffice"; but if he should be of a different opinion, I shall, like the author, be happy to furnish him with more.

FRANK REYNOLDS'S DICKENS CHARACTERS

FOR some time past Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., of the Old Black Swan Distillery, Holborn, the original of which was immortalized by Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge*, have been publishing a series of character studies beautifully reproduced in colour from paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds of certain well-known characters from Dickens. They have now issued them in a dainty portfolio, the characters being Jingle, Captain Cuttle, Trotty Veck, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Micawber, Dolly Varden, and the Cheeryble Brothers. Included in the portfolio is a specially-designed title-page showing the Old Black Swan Distillery as it is to-day and as it was in 1780—two pictures side by side—and the pastel portrait of Dickens in colour by R. Warde Binks, of Crumpsall, which was on exhibition at the Manchester Free Library early last year, referred to on page 48 of *The Dickensian*, 1912.

The whole portfolio forms a very charming souvenir, and one which all Dickensians should have pride in possessing. The pictures are amongst the best work Mr. Reynolds has accomplished, besides being the most rational and lifelike realizations of the novelist's characters by a modern artist, known to us.

DICKENS AND THE LAKE DISTRICT

CANON RAWNSLEY has written much on the literary associations with the English Lake District, and in the present volume* he returns to the subject with his enthusiasm as great and his sympathies as keen as ever. Interesting and valuable as it will be found for all who know and love that part of the country with which it deals, the *Dickensian* will naturally turn first to those two chapters devoted to Dickens. The first, "Charles Dickens in Cumberland," is confined to the journey Dickens and Wilkie Collins made in 1857 in search of material for an article, which eventuated in "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices." Dickens was the Mr. Francis Goodchild and Wilkie Collins the Mr. Thomas Idle of the story. How they set to work and what befel them in accomplishing their task is known to all who have read the story in which the two distinguished novelists collaborated. Canon Rawnsley goes over the ground they travelled, and in a delightfully congenial narrative recalls the associations with the places they visited, the persons they met, and the troubles they encountered.

At Wigton the Canon made the acquaintance of Mr. McMechan—now in his eighty-seventh year—who remembered the visit of Dickens and Collins and has imparted much information regarding it which adds greatly to our knowledge. An illustration, drawn by Mrs. Rawnsley from a picture supplied by Mr. McMechan, shows the place as Dickens actually saw it, including the pump and gas-lamp to which amusing reference is made in the story.

The second chapter is devoted chiefly to Angus Fletcher, christened by Dickens Mr. Kindheart, and who personally acted as his guide in Scotland and Italy. Readers will find much about "Mr. Kindheart" in the chapter in *The Uncommercial Traveller* entitled, "Medicine Men of Civilization," and frequent references to Angus Fletcher in Forster's "Life." Angus Fletcher was the son of Archibald Fletcher, of Edinburgh, and went to live at Lancrigg with his widowed mother in 1841. He was a sculptor of genius—"an Englishman of amiable nature, great enthusiasm, and no discretion" was Dickens's description of him. His unlikeness to other men attracted Dickens greatly, and they became great friends. The references to him in Dickens's letters show how greatly he was attached to him.

Canon Rawnsley has gathered together many anecdotes and stories concerning him and much interesting material about his career, apart from what is to be learned from Forster's "Life" and the novelist's letters. In the former book will be found the sketch by Angus Fletcher of the Villa Bagnerello, reproduced in *The Dickensian*, Vol. II., p. 205, but the latter book does not, however, contain the whimsical letter to Angus Fletcher which the Canon reprints in his volume. To quote from it would spoil it. Readers must turn to it themselves in the Canon's delightful book.

* Chapters at the English Lakes by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Canon of Carlisle. Illustrated. Glasgow: James MacLehose and Sons. 5s. net.

DAVID COPPERFIELD ON THE CINEMATOGRAPH

WE had the privilege of witnessing, last month, a private exhibition of the new cinematograph play of *David Copperfield*, arranged and produced by Mr. Thomas Bentley, the Dickensian Actor. Mr. Bentley does not appear in the play himself, but he got together a remarkable company of actors, each of whom reflected so well the spirit of Dickens, were kept so closely to the book's story that the greatest credit is due to him for the finest Dickens Picture Play we have yet seen.

It occupies close upon two hours to exhibit and is divided into six parts, telling the story of David's life from Blunderstone to his happy union with Agnes. Obviously the part of David is enacted by three different actors, Master Eric Desmond, Mr. Len Bethel and Mr. Kenneth



DAVID AND HIS MOTHER AT "THE ROOKERY"

Ware. The first-named being one of the cleverest child actors we have seen. We have no space to speak of all the characters presented. Each and all of them were Dickens's creations to the life and not mere exaggerations as is often the case.

The film not only includes all the most prominent characters and all the necessary incidents of the book to make the story intelligible to the lay reader, but they have been enacted in the actual places in which the novelist laid them.

With the narrative so well maintained, the scenery accurate, and the acting so life-like and natural, the film should be a popular success whenever it is shown and no Dickens lover should miss the opportunity of seeing it. It will be first publicly exhibited on December 1st.

WHERE WAS "LITTLE BETHEL"?

By WILMOT CORFIELD

"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" was written in 1840-41, and, like other stories of Dickens, is remarkable, apart from plot and characterization, for tempting readers to determine for themselves scenes of occurrences arising out of the tale, suggested, but not specifically mentioned by the novelist. Mr. Frederick Rogers, in the September *Dickensian*, locates "Little Bethel" in Whitechapel, and his very interesting article is illustrated by pictures of Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, Goodman's Fields, of which "only its four walls and roof with skylight now remain." It is well to have both article and photograph in these pages. The former is of the stuff that brings home with clearer vision a phase of the religious leanings of some of the people of the days of Dickens's story; the latter preserves pleasant views of a lost building which must in the main have considerably influenced its surroundings for the better, though in itself only of minor historical importance. *The Dickensian* is the right casket in which to enshrine presentments of these rapidly disappearing architectural derelicts, obscure of their kind, but eminently representative both in town and country, of the Georgian-Victorian era.

Zoar Chapel was a large chapel while "Little Bethel" was "in truth a particularly little Bethel" (Chap. XLI.), and Mr. Rogers admits that the story does not tally with actualities as regards the proportions of the chapel in Great Alie Street. In this he shews true understanding of the right Dickensian spirit. Dickens had a chapel of a definite kind in mind, the salient "feel" of which he characteristically describes, but, according to his wont, with a disregard of details; since affording legitimate opportunity for conjecture. Mr. Rogers, however, has elicited nothing towards the settlement of points in dispute. Beyond the fact that Zoar Chapel was only a "ten minutes' walk" from Quilp's house (not his wharf), and that "local tradition" claimed it as the scene of Mrs. Nubbles' attendances at divine service, he adduces no shred of evidence in support of this conjecture, and ignores many things making for its rejection. The "shoemaker divine" who ministered to the slumbering congregation may have been only a travelling week-night "supply." The "shoemaker of the name of Shorter," referred to by Mr. Rogers, was admittedly only an "occasional preacher." The services of both the divines, whether of fiction or of fact, were probably at the disposal of various congregations in several parts of London.

Where was "Little Bethel"? Where was the home of Kit and Mrs. Nubbles? Where was the Old Curiosity Shop?

By universal consent the Portsmouth Street shop near Lincoln's Inn is regarded as an impostor. It still stands, and its rooms are absurdly small. The shop seized by Quilp had "long been pulled down" (Chap. LXXIII.) when Kit's children were yet young, and had obviously been a spacious abode during Trent's tenancy. Another claimant, No. 24 Fetter Lane, disappeared perhaps a dozen years or

more ago, but was close to the city, and the veritable shop was "in quite another quarter of the town" (Chap. I.).

There remains for consideration the No. 10 Green Street, Leicester Square, demolished during [extensive street alterations subsequent to Trent's death, stated by Mr. Allbut to have been pointed out by Dickens himself as the veritable place; and apart from 'this positive statement there is nothing in the tale inconsistent with the acceptance of Green Street, where "stragglers from the theatres hurried by" (Chap. I.), as the thoroughfare in which the Trents lived and traded, while internal and general evidence seems to favour the view of the accuracy of this assumption.

I take it that Dickens had at the back of his mind, when writing *The Old Curiosity Shop*, the old crooked Green Street we still remember as the destination of the night walk of the stranger and the child in the first chapter, at "a considerable distance" from "the city" (where they had met) and "in quite another quarter of the town"; and with this as my reasoned conjecture, like Mr. Rogers, I claim for a *large* chapel, though this time one close to Green Street, the distinction of having been the *little* Bethel of Chapter XLI.

As I write (Sunday evening, 31st August, 1913) the very last service is being held in the old Congregational church at the corner of Orange and St. Martin's Streets, Leicester Square, overlooking the site of the demolished barracks, cleared for coming extensions to the National Gallery, and adjoining the tottering home of Sir Isaac Newton. Of great age—in its original state it goes back five years longer than Zoar Chapel—its end has now been found. Before these lines are in print, it may have fallen to the tender mercies of the pickaxe, which are cruel, and for all its drab severity of outward aspect, with it a centre of faith and hope in the district since 1693 will, for a time in any event, have been wiped out. There is a noble pathos in the taking off of this old, neglected "Bethel," the oldest Congregational chapel in Westminster (founded by French Huguenots, though at one period in Episcopalian hands, when its minister was Toplady, the hymn-writer): and whatever truth there was in Dickens's highly-coloured description of Mrs. Nubbles' spiritual admonisher, Dickens would, we may be assured, resent the imputation that he regarded the shoemaker predecessor of Bailey and Shorter as typical of the long line of Nonconformists accustomed to call upon their flocks to dwell in mind upon the things of eternity.

But why Green Street as the location of the shop? Before twenty lines of Chapter I. have been reached St. Martin's Court is mentioned, the first spot in London to be spoken of in the book, an indication we may fairly take it, that Dickens's mind, quite early in the tale, had a way of pondering within itself (perhaps unconsciously) on the neighbourhood of Hogarth's house as the stage of his unfolding story's leading incidents. "A long way (to Quilp's), wasn't it, Kit?" asked the elder Trent. "A goodish stretch, master," returned Kit (Chap. I.).

And where was Kit's home? If as distant from Green Street as

was Zoar Chapel, would his kind employer and tender-hearted Nellie Trent have detained him (little more than a boy) to "near midnight"? (Chap. I.) and this, apparently, habitually! When Kit, having rescued the linnet, rushed off, cage in hand, he "did not stop once till he reached home" (Chap. XIII.). Could he possibly have covered the distance, all the way to Whitechapel or thereabouts, without stopping once? Previously, too, Kit had run from the shop, and "without relaxing his pace or stopping to take breath," then also got back to his home (Chap. X.). Surely no lad of Kit's physique could possibly have sprinted on at least two occasions from Leicester Square to Whitechapel with such amazing alacrity.

There is also a likelihood that Notary Witherden's office was somewhere near Covent Garden. Kit, rambling about looking for a horse to hold, first met Whisker and the Garlands within a little distance of his home (Chap. XIV.), and followed them to the office. The Marchioness "put two good miles of brick and mortar between herself and Bevis Marks" (Chap. LXV.) before reaching the office from Dick's lodgings somewhere in the city, and, doubling back when in the phaeton, after surprising Abel Garland, begged him to "go towards the city" (Chap. LXV.).

The shop was a long way from the city, and we are compelled to assume that Mrs. Nubbles lived reasonably near to the shop (it may have been in St. Martin's Court), and therefore to Green Street. "She (Nellie) was always coming backwards and forwards (between her home and ours)," said Kit (Chap. XL.). Neither place was near the city. Why, then, should Mrs. Nubbles have worshipped in Whitechapel? Surely Whitechapel is only suggested in this connection because Quilp lived near the Tower, but Quilp's wharf was across the river, and it was to both Quilp's house and office that Nellie and Kit went. Then too, Astley's (Chap. XXXIX.), on the Surrey side, near Westminster Bridge, was nowhere near the Tower, and yet Kit's circus party walked to Astley's from the Nubbles' home on the memorable day when Jacob first learned "what oysters meant." Later on (Chap. XLI.), Kit, in a tremendous hurry to find his mother at home, passed the old dismantled shop on his way from the notary's, but finding her out, traced her with difficulty to "Little Bethel," though neighbours, when first questioned, could not readily point the way to the place. That it was not quite close to Mrs. Nubbles' house is clear, but sufficiently near to be easily found, on "a gossip" of Mrs. Nubbles' furnishing the necessary information, is also clear. Kit's ignorance of the Bethel's whereabouts may be explained by the fact that his mother had taken to going to chapel after his departure for service with the Garlands.

From all this we may reasonably conclude that Zoar Chapel is out of the question as the scene of Mrs. Nubbles' devotions. That Mrs. Nubbles lived within a fairly reasonable distance of Green Street, traversable by an active lad at a run without a stop, not far from the notary's office, and within an easy walk of Astley's. She took suddenly to going to chapel when Kit was away at work for some months,

taking her small sons with her. It is impossible to assume that she trudged with them to Whitechapel. The chapel was some little way from her house, sufficiently far off for casual neighbours not to know of it with certainty, but not too far off for a stalwart woman to tackle the journey. She had known Nellie Trent, and had gone to and fro to Green Street. What more natural to assume than that in doing so she struck the Orange Street chapel, within a stone's throw of Green Street, one day, and came under the spell of its admonishing preacher, telling one friend only of her going there, and writing to Kit of her spiritual anxieties when he was at Finchley.

The chapel's many memories, both splendid and grotesque, was famous in Dickens's days. It must have caught his imagination as a subject for copy when pondering on the Leicester Square district. One would like to think of Nellie herself, that child of conspicuous purity of soul, as having attended there for worship occasionally. To do so, however, might be to overstrain the case I have attempted to make out for the Orange Street chapel's right to be regarded as the inspiration to Dickens for the "Bethel" frequented by honest, sturdy Mrs. Nubbles.

The chapel's stolid appearance reflects the sedate ideas of its builders. The old Dissenters rejoiced in sobriety of architectural treatment. At the opening of an early Gothic chapel in 1856, the Rev. John Angell James, hurt at the departure from traditional custom, took as his text: "And so we went towards Rome," while another minister, who was totally blind, thanked God in his affliction that he had not lived "to see a chapel with a steeple to it." It was this spirit of a zeal productive of weakness of judgment that gave to the world "shoemaker" preachers with the strange jargon of their well-intentioned cult, and it was at their narrowness of mind, not their piety, that Dickens aimed.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

CVI.

STAR after star still droppeth from the skies,
 And leaves no trace of vanished light behind,
 Yet still the light of Heav'n delights our eyes,
 As when created by th' Eternal Mind;
 So when the twinkling stars of human-kind
 Drop from their orbit, and extinguished lie,
 An undiminished splendour still we find,
 To gladden and inspire the mental eye,
 For other stars remain bright-shining in our sky!

A star has just gone out, and, for a time,
 Upon our minds may rest a veil of gloom,
 To throw a shade athwart the realms sublime,
 Where stars are found, like daisies all a-bloom!

No shade is there, for light doth still illumine
 The firmament, the shade is all our own—
 This too will disappear, as it hath come,
 And leaves us more resigned, and less cast down,
 And strong to bear the cross, that we may wear the crown.

So one by one the stars will drop away,
 The sun and moon will also disappear,
 But there is One who holds imperial sway,
 And knows no change in His unchanged career:
 His is a light the saddened heart to cheer,
 Brighter than sun, or moon, or twinkling star,
 Dearer than all that is accounted dear,
 Lovelier than all things near us, or afar,
 Purer than all we know, which Death can never mar!

Would that on those who sorrow for their friend,
 This Star of stars would let his radiance fall,
 Then would their sorrow have an hopeful end,
 And Death to them be no grim funeral pall,
 A cause of fear, an over-dreaded call!
 Their friend hath gone, his glory taken wing,
 The shadow of himself we but recall,
 His works reflect the man of whom we sing
 In melancholy notes that little comfort bring.

What'er he was to God, to man he was
 A genial friend, a cheery welcome guest,
 Of mirthfulness—a constant feast—the cause
 Imagination's light, and Fancy's zest,
 And Sorrow's joy, and pure Affection's rest,
 Inimitably varied in his art.
 Kind, unassuming, evermore in quest
 Of some new thing to please, or to impart
 A remedy for ills that cut him to the heart.

He hated the oppressor and his work,
 And used his power to root it out the land,
 And many a grievous wrong that loved to work
 In hidden corners, Argus-like, he scann'd
 And brought to light; and thus he lent a hand
 To Misery and Want, and weaker Things,
 Fast sinking 'neath the foe's un pitying brand,
 Which, as it scourges, like a scorpion stings,
 Deaf to the piteous cry of human sufferings.

He pictured the oppressor and his ways,
 And hung them up as "scarecrows" to deter
 The evil-doers of our evil days,
 From erring as their *friends* had lived to err.

This kind of good he laboured to confer,
With what result no mortal pen can say ;
Words are as goads that noble spirits spur
To noble deeds, and, star-like, point the way,
Or as the seeds whose fruit is found another day!

While to amuse the world's Protean mind,
He drew strange characters upon the wall
Of observation keen, that we might find
Some shadow of ourselves upon us fall ;
And thus the real from the ideal cull
Oddly combined us they were often found,
The travesty of art amusing all :—
Thus is mankind amused, and thus renowned !
Would it were less required, and earth were holier ground !

For small the good the wisest of us do,
Our efforts ill-directed, feeble, vain,
Or otherwise to Heav'n's own plan untrue,
And, therefore, ineffectual to restrain
The pow'r of evil, and the victory gain.
Thus Literature enkindles its own fire,
And in its light rejoiceth to remain,
But with the torch of Life it must expire,
And leave but charred remains of Fancy's funeral pyre.

How suddenly our friend was caught away!
His light extinguished like a falling star!
A night of silence following his day,
And sorrow weeping on Death's sable car!
Thus do our lamps go out, or pale afar,
Like comets in th' horizon of our view,
Fast falling o'er the circumambient bar,
Their visit in the future to renew—
So will our friend return, and we shall see him too.

We buried him at last among his peers,
The literary stars of other days,
Whose glory lingers through the dying years.
And sheds abroad its parti-color'd rays.
Pomp mocked his burial with no fond displays,
Fern leaves, camelias, roses white and red.
Formed into wreaths and chaplets (Honour's bays),
Adorned his bier, and the last words were said
That parted for a time, the living and the dead.

Here let us drop the curtain, and refrain
From prying into God's unknown designs,
Lest judging rashly we be judged again
By our own hard charitable lines,

He was our brother who in death reclines,
 Shall not the judge of all the earth do right ?
 Then leave the dead to Him who still inclines
 His heart to mercy, for He lives in light;
 And love and all good things are precious in His sight.

Thus let us close the book, and grieve no more,
 Ye cannot bring him back to cheer your heart :
 Rise, and anoint your eyes as heretofore,
 And, re-aspiring, seek the better part.
 For even death instruction may impart
 To some among the living of the land.
 That they, too, may be ready to depart,
 When snaps the silver cord in God's right hand,
 And breaks the golden bowl at His supreme command !

J. C. H.

Dublin University Magazine, July, 1870.

THE FIELD OF THE FORTY FOOTSTEPS

By JOHN SUDDABY

THE information given in the August *Dickensian* as to a reference by Dickens to the above is interesting. True, he may have known considerably of the field and legend by living in 1824, at the age of twelve years, in the locality at 4 Gower Street North, but in the early succeeding years, with his growing knowledge as a keen theatre-goer of the then popular and current dramas, he would probably know more of it from witnessing an interesting play founded on the legend. The writer has amongst a number of old bills or programmes relating to various theatres and plays in and before Dickens's lifetime, one which proclaims the acting at Hull of this very play, to be followed by Abbott's dramatic version of the novelist's *Cricket on the Hearth*. A condensed section of the playbill, too lengthy to give in full, is as follows :—

This EVENING, MONDAY, AUGUST 17th, 1846,

Will be produced a most interesting, historical, and romantic legendary
 Drama, entitled, The

FIELD OF 40 FOOTSTEPS:

OR, THE BROKEN HEART !

A Tale of the Cavaliers and Roundheads.

Eighty years ago an old tradition gave the above name to one of the pasture fields, then in the vicinity of Bloomsbury Square, called the Long Field, lying between Tottenham Court Road and a rustic

lane eastward, that ran from the top of Southampton Row towards Hampstead. The footsteps were in the middle of one of these fields, and forty in number. They were said to have been imprinted by the approach and struggle of two combatants (brothers) who had fought and perished there in the dead lock of mutual hatred.

Henry, Duke of Gloucester (*the fugitive son of Charles I.*).

Sir Arthur Matchlowe (*a proscribed Cavalier*).

Geoffrey Matchlowe (*his illegitimate brother*).

Sir Thomas Fairfax (*leader of the Parliamentary forces*).

Peter Pipkin (*the faithful servant of Sir Arthur*).

Goliah Barebones (*one of the Reformed*).

Frances Vere (*the betrothed of Sir Arthur*).

Lady Vere (*the mother of Frances*).

Sir Nicholas Vere, Jonathan and Susan Homespun, Sergeant Holdfast, Corporal Higgings, Matchlock, Giles Hawthorn, Rose Downright, Mabel Donovan, Officer, Soldiers, and an Egyptian Woman.

The Orchestra as an interlude will perform THE CRICKET POLKA, by the celebrated composer Jullien, as published by Dalmaine & Co., this present evening.

To conclude (first time this season) with an entirely new and original Drama, in three parts, by T. Abbott, Esq., entitled

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH !

A FAIRY TALE OF HOME.

The list of characters and actors in the Dickens piece was accompanied in eight instances with an apt quotation from the book.

It will be seen that in respect of the Forty Footsteps drama the almost exact position of the field is defined, so that Londoners may perhaps be able from old maps, etc., to locate its very near locality, notwithstanding the growth and changes in the enlarged city during two centuries. When the playbill of 1846 speaks of the old tradition of "eighty years ago," it should be noted that managers in the old theatre days produced the same particulars on reissued or rearranged bills without altering such a statement, so that the legend may have started much nearer the Civil War of 1642 than 1766. With respect to legends after civil wars, one recalls how Shakespeare, in his historical dramas, pictures fathers and sons fighting against each other in the Wars of the Roses, approaching five centuries ago, and fifty years since, in the war between the Northerners and Southerners of the United States there were reports, true or legendary, of similar encounters. This legend of the Field of the Forty Footsteps, an echo

of the last English civil war, is thus similar to what usually follows a war between people of the same nation.

Dickens, thorough and complete in all his noticings, had, it seems, old and happy remembrance as to footsteps, and could not refrain from humorously saying that had he wished he could have counted in the field more than forty footsteps. In "Nurses' Stories" (*Un-commercial Traveller*) his mind goes back to the incidents of Robinson Crusoe, he still seeing "the sandy beach on which the memorable footstep was impressed." May not Dickens's mind have also gone back, asks our contributor, to the glorious old theatrical days of Crusoe pantomimes, when the "memorable footstep" was in reality on the stage? First came Crusoe's shock on sighting it as it lay on the boards in full sight of the audience, and then presently the comedians picking it up—for it was but a "property" item of about two feet of thick dark cloth—would throw or pass it about with remarks as to "size twenty," "corns," and so on. But whatever humour Dickens may have had, heard, or seen as to the forty footsteps and the one of the sandy beach, he threw into the subject his brilliant and pathetic powers when, in the *Tale of Two Cities*, he penned the chapters "Echoing Footsteps," and—the immortal closing one of—"The Footsteps die out for Ever."

REINCARNATION

"According to the Moxon theory, Nancy was Bill's dog when they were on earth before."—(Dagonet in the "Referee.")

O' COURSE yer'd laugh, or swear at me maybe,
If yer was 'ere, Bill; but it seems as though
We'd been like this afore, 'ad you an' me,
But was I girl or dog?—I 'ardly know.

Queer, ain't it, Bill? I feels I might 'ave been
Yer bulldog once an' loved yer in 'is way;
There ain't much difference as I've ever seen
'Atween us—we're a pair, I guess yer'd say.

Like 'im, I've felt yer 'eavy fist, yer foot,
Sometimes yer fingers clutching at me 'air,
Till all the devil in me shrieked to put
An end to all the devilish affair.

I'm still, I s'pose, a sort o' faithful tyke,
I'd take yer part all through in good an' ill;
Yer'd kill me, would yer? Well, it's all alike,
I'm just the girl—or dog—what loves yer, Bill!

EDITH E. WATTSON.

THE HOME OF THE PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

TWO years after the founding of the Branch in Philadelphia in 1907, Louis Lukes, the owner of the Hotel Walton, offered his hotel as a permanent home to the Fellowship. So that since January 1909, all the meetings have been held there absolutely free of charge. An act such as this, having all the elements of graciousness and unselfishness, in America, the land of dollars and dividends, is notable enough to receive more than a passing mention. It becomes more remarkable when it is remembered that the Hotel Walton is one of the largest and best of the first-class hotels in the third city of the United States. Its location is ideal on account of its accessibility from all parts of Philadelphia and the suburbs. With an average attendance of 250 there is required a room of good dimensions. Adding to this the use of lights and lift service as well as other attentions, the weight of the obligation to Mr. Louis Lukes on the part of the Fellowship is almost incalculable.



THE DICKENS YEAR BOOK*

“I HAVE faith, and I wish to diffuse faith in the existence of beautiful things,” is a part of a quotation from a speech of Dickens which begins *The Dickens Year Book*. This expression might well stand as the compilers’ reason for this book’s existence, for its pages are crammed full with beautiful things culled from the writings of the novelist, his own speeches and letters, with occasionally a

* The Dickens Year Book, compiled by Lois E. Prentiss and Gertrude C. Spaulding; illustrations by D. S. Groesbeck. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Co. \$1.

thought in praise of Dickens from others. The compilers, Lois E. Prentiss and Gertrude C. Spaulding, have done their work with intelligence, appropriately to dates and seasons, and with affection. Their quotations, for each day in the year, are seldom hackneyed and the book as a consequence has a freshness which many similar ones do not possess.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SPENLOW AND JORKINS

SIR,—In No. 22 of *Terræ Filius* (31st March, 1721) Nicholas Amherst tells the case of Mr. Meadowcourt (Merton College, Oxford, B.A., 1714), whose name had been put in the Proctor's Black Book. His M.A. degree was to be postponed two years. When that time was expired, Amherst states that the victim applied to the then Proctor for leave to supplicate with a view to obtaining the degree. The Proctor was willing, but said that the consent of Mr. White would be necessary, and Mr. White being approached, expressed his own willingness, but said that the concurrence of Mr. Holt was also necessary. (White and Holt were the Proctors in 1716.) Amherst proceeds:—

They neither of them intended that Mr. Meadowcourt should have his degree. Mr. White could not do it without Mr. Holt's consent, and Mr. Holt had left it entirely to Mr. White, who for all that, would not concern himself without Mr. Holt, who had from the beginning resolved to be no party to this affair. Thus did they bandy it about, sending Mr. Meadowcourt backward and forward upon sleeveless errands.

The applicant obtained his desire in 1718.

Yours, etc.,

C. M. NEALE.

KING'S HEAD, MALDON

SIR,—I have been spending a week at that most thriving, and in many respects charming spot, Westcliffe-on-Sea. An enterprising resident there is the proprietor of more than one very handsome and luxuriously-fitted motor char-a-bancs, which are run on different days to different places in the neighbourhood, twenty, thirty, and even fifty miles away and back at a fixed fee per passenger. They hold as many as twenty persons, and it happened that on the day I went a ride in one, "the royal blue car" was driven by the owner himself. Our destination was Maldon, not Malden, and we did the twenty-five mile spin in about an hour and a half. We put up for tea at the King's Head Hotel, an old country inn, not much, if at all, modernized, and while our frugal meal was being prepared I sauntered around, and in what appeared to be the drawing-room, to my great delight and surprise, I found the walls decorated with frames containing coloured representations of Dickens characters, Captain Cuttle, Uncle Sol, Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, Pickwick, Jingle, and others. I inquired at the bar whether "the house" could boast of a visit to it, or a stay in it, from the novelist, and was answered in the negative,

so that there was no personal connection between it and Dickens, and the discovery, unimportant in itself, is another proof of the widespread fame of Dickens and the regard and affection in which his creations are held in out-of-the-way nooks and corners.

Yours faithfully,

1st September, 1913.

FRANCESCO BERGER.

MR. HARLEY AS PICKWICK AND THE SONG HE SANG

SIR,—The Dickensian Songs which have been appearing in our Magazine, reminds me of something. In the introduction to a book I have in my possession, and whose title-page declares it to be "Speeches, Literary and Social, by Charles Dickens, now first collected, with chapters on Charles Dickens as a Letter Writer, Poet, and Public Reader" I find these words, "On March 6, 1837, was brought out at the St. James's Theatre a farce, called 'Is She His Wife? or, Something Singular,' in which Harley played the principal character, Felix Tapkins, a flirting bachelor, and sang a song in the the Character of Mr Pickwick, 'written expressly for him by Boz.'" I wonder what that song was! Does anyone know? I ought to state that the date of publication of the aforesaid book is December, 1869.

Yours truly,

19 Warrender Park Crescent,
Edinburgh.

HELENA SHARP.

[This song is referred to by Mr. S. J. Adair Fitz Gerald in his "Dickens and the Drama," where he quotes the following from an old play bill, used on the occasion of Mr. Harley's benefit, March 13, 1837. "Mr. Harley will, in the character of Mr Pickwick, make his first visit to the St. James's Theatre and relate to a Scotch air his experiences of a 'white bait dinner at Blackwall,' edited expressly for him by his biographer, 'Boz.'" Mr. Fitz-Gerald believes the Scotch air was "There's nae luck about the House." The published play does not give the words of the song or make any reference to the incident.—ED.]

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

FOREST GATE.—An opening outing to Theydon Bois, in the heart of Epping Forest, on August 30th, though it did not attract as many members as was expected, proved most enjoyable to those who did take advantage of the efforts of the Committee to provide an attractive inaugural meeting. Tea was taken at Gray's Retreat. The "Reading Circle" Meetings started on Wednesday, September 10th, with an excellent "send-off." Papers were given by Miss Barton and Miss Pugh, and promises for the next evening of this kind were given by several members.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.).—The last meeting of the branch was devoted to papers, recitals and music by members. The hall was well filled, and much enthusiasm was shown in the evening's programme by all present.

TOTTENHAM.—On September 5th, the members of the branch paid a visit to Chigwell, and had an enjoyable afternoon in the old Church and afterwards visited the King's Head where tea was taken, followed by a pleasant programme of music.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

Scenes from Pickwick, by Charles Dickens. In the reporting style of Pitman's Shorthand. With ten illustrations by C. Richardson. London : Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

A Few Famous Inns of Bath and District, by J. F. Meehan. Illustrated. Bath : B. and J. F. Meehan. 6d. net.

Chapters at the English Lakes (Two on Dickens), by the Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley. Illustrated. Glasgow : James MacLebrosse and Sons. 5s. net.

The Old Curiosity Shop, by Charles Dickens. Illustrated in Colour by Frank Reynolds, R.I. London : Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. net.

Sketches by Boz ; The Pickwick Papers ; Oliver Twist. With the original Illustrations. Demy 8vo. London : Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net each.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"The Lawyers of Dickens," by W. Walter Crotch. Illustrated. *Windsor Magazine*, September.

"A Dickens Pilgrimage." *Times*, August 30th (and Leader); September 6th (and Leader on Names in Fiction, September 8th); September 13th and 20th.

"Charles Dickens and Old London," by J. Embleton Smith. *Leyton Express*, August 16th.

"Days of Interest in London : Dickens around Temple Bar and the City." Illustrated by Chris. Heaps. *Graphic*, August 16th.

"Dickens in Walworth," by Robert W. Bowers. *South London Press*, August 22nd.

"Associations of Dickens in Bath." *Estates Gazette*, September 6th.

"A Dickens Original" (Robert Watson). *Graphic*, September 6th.

"Famous Novelist's Allusions to Richmond." *Richmond and Twickenham Times*, September 20th.

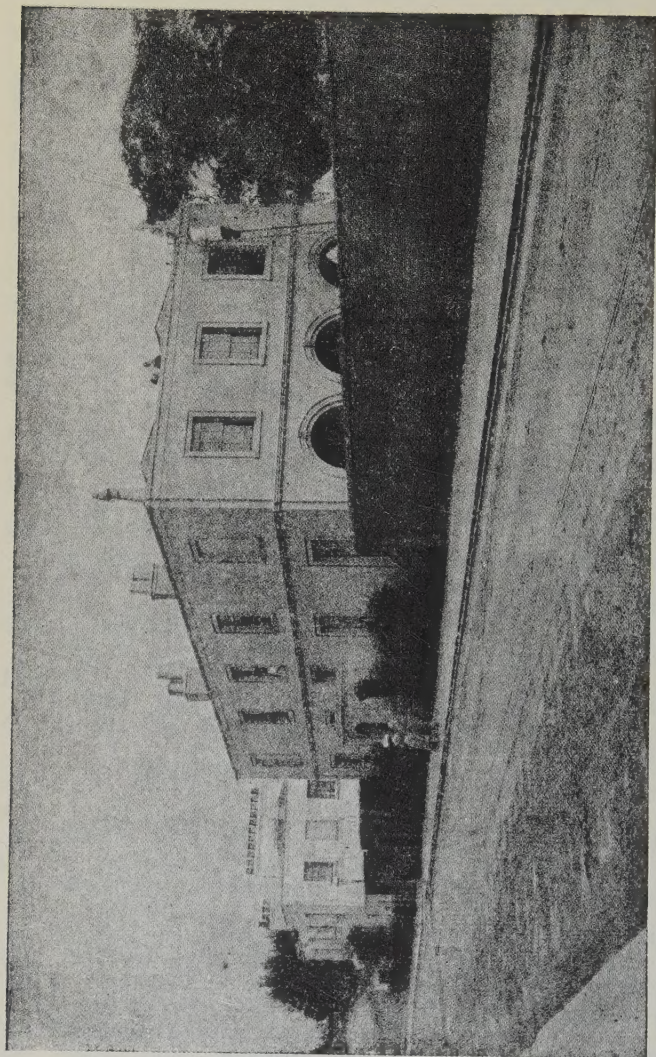
"Dickens and Bath." *Bath Herald*, September 16th and 17th (Letters).

"London Markets (including Hungerford, Illustrated)." *The County and City of London Observer*. September 6th.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

OCTOBER

1. London : Lecture on "Miscellaneous Papers," by Mr. B. W. Matz, at Cliffords Inn Hall, at 8 o'clock.
6. Bromley : "Dickens London," by Mr. W. J. Roffey, at Public Library at 8 o'clock.
8. Forest Gate : Reading Circle at Earlhams Hall at 8 o'clock.
21. Hackney and Stoke Newington : Paper on "Charles Dickens," by Mr. J. H. McNulty, and Recitals by Mr. Wilfrid Stannard, at Church Hall, Defoe Road, Stoke Newington, at 8 o'clock.
23. Hatfield : General Meeting.
23. Forest Gate : Member's Night at Earlhams Hall at 8 o'clock.
24. Sheffield : Lantern Lecture "Dickens and Kent," by Mr. B. W. Matz.
25. Hull : Lantern Lecture "Dickens and Kent," by Mr. B. W. Matz, in the Owen Hall, at 8 o'clock.



KENSAL MANOR HOUSE, WITH KENSAL LODGE BEHIND FROM HARROW ROAD

Ainsworth's House where Dickens and Forster frequently met

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